Fire Lake: First Touch

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Fire Lake: First Touch

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Summary

Hannibal turned his head and brushed his lips over Will’s. “Is this what you want?” He murmured the words against the hook of his jaw as his other hand settle on the agent’s hip.

Hooded eyes seem to burst dark, inky and pooling black as Hannibal spoke, like the devil himself, hinting at good reasons to do all the things Will knew to be wrong, and yet so right. He'd never damned anyone for their choices, and he was done damning himself for his own. There was only so much grieving he could do.

Will parted his lips, turning his head just so, and capturing Hannibal's mouth with his own, fingers curled around his glass trapped between their chests now. And in that moment they both let slip long held sighs as connection was finally made.

Notes

1) Not beta'd, apologies. All mistakes are our own.
2) Sequel to Kintsugi
3) Gif from the lovely Sirenja

Fire Lake, a place Will would have never thought he'd go. He was always one to stay within the confines of his homeland, until his hand was forced. In the snowy tundras of Quebec, their little cabin sat surrounded by sprawling pine forests that speckled the landscape – trees stood like dark slashes against the white. Less than a stone throw from the porch lay a large body of water, ironically called Fire Lake. Despite the alien quality of the light the house and surrounds left just enough familiarity for Will that he was comfortable here, no doubt something Hannibal had thought long and hard over when he purchased the property. Will, however, never asked. Indeed, this place was purchased only weeks after Hannibal's first meeting with Will Graham and only hours after ending Tobias Budge.

I was worried you were dead.

There was one bedroom, which Will let Hannibal take, while he took the couch. Will curled there every night for the past week, hardly asleep, but hardly awake, in a daydream of surreality, like walking through a ghost world every night, caught in the after images of everything he had just done to Molly -- to himself. And although Hannibal took the bed, making sure to retire and wake at regular times, Will was not alone in his midnight ghost world. The silences often weighed heavy on Hannibal as did the idea of Will sleeping alone, curled up on the couch like some dog. As such, the cannibal often spent long hours watching over Will, unseen in the shadows of night, not fretting but not at ease either. The good surgeon struggled with the idea that there were some wounds he could not heal.

The warm light of dawn caught gently on fresh snow, reflections lighting up the living room where drapes had been pulled back. Sunlight started to sprinkle into the room and glance down Will's face like the memory of some long lost lover. Will rubbed his reddened and raw sea blue eyes as he stretched and rolled, testing cramped limbs. Like every morning, he got up and showered, slipped into comfortable flannel and jeans, tugged on his boots, and found his fishing rod. He always left before he *thought* Hannibal was wake. But Hannibal was always awake and Hannibal always heard him go, no matter how gently he eased the front

door shut. However, when Will passed his room on this particular morning Will noted the door was opened, and Hannibal was not inside, nor anywhere in the house for that matter.

In a panic, Will searched the rooms as his heart rate spiked and his blue eyes widened, only to find a note, handwritten and beautiful, in Hannibal's elegant script:

Dear Will,

I have made a short trip for supplies. I will return soon.

Sincerely, Hannibal.

Will let his breath catch, and then slow in his chest, berating himself for assuming he'd been abandoned, though he would not put it past Hannibal to do something so damning to him.

Locking the door behind him, Will folded the note and put it into his pocket. Chin tilted up and eyes squinting against the light, he set out over the snow, letting it crunch under his heavily booted feet as he made his way towards the lake where he'd set up a good fishing spot. He walked slowly across the ice to his spot. The lake was still frozen solid enough that he wasn't too worried about breakage, or being consumed by the deathly chill of the water under the block of ice. Still, it paid to be cautious.

After some long hours, and few fish dangling from his hooks, Will took off back home, his stomach gargling with hunger.

Hannibal had returned home hours before Will. Upon returning home, Hannibal had paused on the top step, as he always did when he returned or, stepped out not too long after dawn to watch Will go. He noted how the worn boards creaked under his polished boot, weathered but strong. Surprising in the warmth of their aesthetic even under the weight of cold. If there was a breeze, which there rarely was in this desolate place, the door frame would groan and bang but only enough to make its point before silence again.

Hannibal's pauses were always that brief moment he allowed himself to wonder ' *Would this be the day he leaves? Fallen through the ice? Taken the long, frozen roads out and home? Or, simply just wandered into some other life beyond the seemingly endless tundras?'* before returning to routine. Routine was healthy and ordered the mind when the heart was challenged to do so.

Hannibal Lecter doesn't worry…

I was worried about you, Will.

That night they had driven in silence for hours, the drive and the silence had extended into days. Even once they arrived words seemed somewhat futile in the face of this period of mourning. As Will chose the couch over the bed, Hannibal wondered how much was being mourned.

Once Hannibal was inside, boots, gloves and overcoat all put away, he sat the package down on the small wooden bench as he tugged off his gloves, the stench of shellfish already filling

the small cabin. When he chose this place for Will he had ensured the kitchen was at least functional.

He set the oven on and turned back with only the slightest hint of disdain as he mentally prepared himself for the meal ahead. He sighed and breathed the feeling out as he tied the apron tight, *that* was not the feeling at the heart of jambalaya nor was disdain at the heart of *why* Hannibal was preparing this particular dish along with the traditional cornbread and whiskey-apple tart. These were dishes Hannibal was quite sure he would never see himself preparing. But then, Hannibal never saw himself holed up in a run down cabin, in on the edge of a lake so contrarily named with an agent so contrarily hearted, or so it seemed.

As his hands worked quickly and deftly over the snapping shellfish, he gazed out of the lopsided windows into the frosty distance. He could almost believe the local tales, perhaps this was the edge of the world and perhaps it would only take one wrong step to fall. *Delightful.*

The wafting of a meal cooking stopping Will a moment at the door, stomach nearly eating itself as he pushed through, almost calling out his arrival, but he knew Hannibal would already have known. Will locked the door behind him, set his boots by the door, and took his cleaned and scaled fish to set in the freezer, moving around Hannibal in the kitchen, like two ghosts. Whatever Hannibal was making smelled familiar and delicious.

Will's bare feet slapped lightly over the floorboards as he moved closer to the stove, closer to Hannibal, to try and peek into his pot, steam warming his ruddy, wind chafed cheeks.

Hannibal closed his eyes briefly as Will moved closer. Salt, fish, cold, and Will. It was never hard to sift through even the most pungent scents to find him there: warm and earthy.

He turned his head to look over Will with a raised brow as the agent was drawn in by the scent of home.

“Jambalaya. The trawlers came in today.”

The trawlers only came in once a month so this was a rare opportunity, on a number of fronts.

Hannibal returned to stirring, drawing himself up with a deep breath to avoid leaning into places he couldn’t go anymore-yet. His shoulders were broad and his spine was straight - a pillar of strength, but the strength was slowing waning. He focused on ensuring no part of the dish went unturned against the flames.

"Jambalaya?" Will repeated back with certain confusion-- not something Hannibal typically cooked-- and broke his week long silent stint with just one word.

His blue eyes shone bright against his reddened skin, head canted at Hannibal, questioning him with little other words, dying to pry the answers right off his tongue.

Hannibal smiled to himself as he stirred, his shoulders moving with a slightly easier grace.

“Yes.”

He left that answer hang, answering all the questions that Will had tossed at him with stolen glances over the last week and then quickly withdrawn. Answering all the questions that would come.

“Something like home.”

A statement that weighed as heavy as a question as it rolled off Hannibal’s gentle tongue. The cannibal paused to peer in the oven where the cornbread was baking. *A way to a man’s heart,* he thought.

A flitting of his heart had Will smiling a little at Hannibal, a slight raise of his lips at the corners, a softening of his eyes that crinkled at the edges. Hannibal was making a dish from home, from Louisiana-- *Will's* home. Snow cold fingers drifted over Hannibal's forearm where it was bare, sleeves rolled up to cook, and then Will pulled away, the touch barely connecting.

The whole world paused as Will brushed over Hannibal’s arm, fingers leaving a trail of goosebumps on strapped muscle. Although his touch was colder than ice it sent warmth through every nerve of Hannibal’s being and extended to the breath of the room. The air that hung still now moved with an uneasy but new beat of life. However, Hannibal was careful not to lose focus, he was quite sure that the tender touch was not brief without reason.

Will moved around the kitchen slowly to set dishes out, and then tugged down a bottle of whiskey, just a few fingers to warm him through, silence falling comfortably between them, though now Will's humbled mood did not leave them feeling disconnected.

As Will poured himself a whiskey Hannibal spoke softly, “Two, if you would, thank you.” The cannibal had no taste for the brown and biting liquid, but this night was different.

Raising his brows toward Hannibal, Will pulled another glass from the shabby cabinet, and filled it with just as much whiskey as his own. Setting the bottle aside, he brought Hannibal his glass and held it out for him, now leaning his hip against the counter, watching the cannibal.

Silence had been a dear friend to Will as he kept his peace in it, alone in his head, as he grieved the death of his old life, and the things he left behind with it. Tonight felt like the beginning of something else, life brought back into their worlds, a peace offering made from the smells of New Orleans-- a gift.

Where Will’s language was that of silence, Hannibal spoke with cuisine. Taking the glass, careful to only brush one finger over Will’s as he nodded thanks. He raised his glass and dipped his head, a smile lifting his amber-flecked eyes and severe features into something warmer and more welcoming than the alpine mask he usually wore.

“To home?”

"To *my* home," Will reiterated, raising his glass, but never let his eyes leave Hannibal's, their silent and quiet way of talking worked wonders, even if they both needed words now to fill in the gaps, to reassure.

Will with his fear of being abandoned and Hannibal with his fear that Will would leave. One in the same; identically different.

Hannibal tilted his head with a silent chuckle and slow blink - a gentle acknowledgment. He raised his glass a little higher, the darkness shadowing his eyes fading as he took a sip, the taste hot and sharp on his tongue but smooth on the way down.

Hannibal set his glass down and without even thinking brushed a loose palm over Will's shoulder before returning to cooking, the wooden spoon sifting through the jumble of Cajun cooking and releasing the fresh scent of what had once been Will's home into the new.

No longer did Will long for the home he left, or the family he deserted. Will sipped his whiskey, taking gentle sips, and then took the whole thing back, letting it coat his throat, and warm his veins and lungs thoroughly. The warmth in his chest spread, like a wildfire, the start of a haze waning against his eyes, but not enough to inebriate, to keep him from thinking.

Hannibal's touched lingered, little warm prints left against his skin, which he stared at for a long, long moment, and then slipped himself in beside Hannibal, ducking under his arm as the cannibal raised it *just so* .

It was often games between them. Savage games. But games they enjoyed none the less. Today Hannibal had worked hard to *lure* instead of *hunt* for what he wanted, what he needed out of the younger man. But as Will slotted in against his side and as he shifted his arm to wrap around his shoulders (still too thin) it was clear this, here, now, was no game.

Hannibal sighed as he let the dish sit as he hugged Will. Swivelling his head, his chin resting on a soft bed of dark curls that were still damp from the cold outside.

The silence between them was only interrupted by the faint hum of the ancient oven and crackle of the dish as it sat on the flames. Outside a howling wind picked up and the house creaked and yawned along with it. Homely sounds.

Eyes closed, the cannibal stroked the bed of his palm over Will's cheek and down his jaw, letting one finger tap his lower lip before he returned to stirring. Will leaned into every touch and his lips parted just a fraction, bright blue eyes looking up at the cannibal as a finger brushed over his mouth. The cannibal just smiled and kept a firm arm around Will as he worked.

"Almost there. Can you take out the cornbread and slide in the tart, please." The words were spoken against the mess of chocolate curls and kissed a rarely expressed warmth against the agents skull. No barbs or second meanings. Simple. Honest. Like the rustic dish at hand.

Relishing the closeness he hadn't allowed himself all week, Will only let go when Hannibal asked him to do a job, in which he set his glass down and let go of Hannibal's waist, lingering warmth pressed against his skin, still able to feel the traces of Hannibal's fingers and palms there.

Will grabbed a pot holder and took the cornbread out, and set the tart in, never straying any further away from Hannibal, needing to be close, to know he was not going to be left-- for

Hannibal to know, he was not leaving. This was their new life. A second chance.

It was a test, of sorts. But Will didn't stray, he gravitated back to, and around Hannibal, seeking out the older man's touch at every turn as he assisted in the kitchen. Hannibal flipped over the pan once more and took a small bite off the spoon - satisfied. He then moved through kitchen, a palm glancing Will's back as he passed, and over to the small, rickety table that Will had set and served two medium portions. *Just enough.*

Back in the kitchen he set the pan aside, undid his apron and poured two more whiskeys. He turned to Will, arm extended offering both an embrace and a glass before they ate. A window of vulnerability.

Taking the glass, Will let their fingers brush and linger, and then hugged Hannibal with one arm around his waist, gazing at him up close. Hannibal didn't blink once, taking a snapshot as Will nestled in and looked up at him like that, every angle, every curve, every shade, every unspoken sentiment stored. As they hovered there together, on the edge of something else, the wind picked up outside, howling around the hallows of the cabin, shaking it's very foundation. Just as Will leaned in, the lights flickered out. Where everything had been still and silent, the whole world seemed to pick up and shudder and moan as Will moved into kiss, the motion itself taking out the light with it. Hannibal smiled and Will let out a huffed chuckle against his cheek.

"Just in time."

Hannibal chuckled openly now as Will smiled against his cheek. Smoothing his palm up the younger man's spine to cup the back of his head, the cannibal held him *just there* . The only light now was the red glow from the fireplace at the far end of the room. But it was enough. Hannibal turned his head and brushed his lips over Will's. "Is this what you want?" He murmured the words against the hook of his jaw as his other hand settle on the agent's hip.

Hooded eyes seem to burst dark, inky and pooling black as Hannibal spoke, like the devil himself, hinting at good reasons to do all the things Will knew to be wrong, and yet so right. He'd never damned anyone for their choices, and he was done damning himself for his own. There was only so much grieving he could do.

Will parted his lips, turning his head just so, and capturing Hannibal's mouth with his own, fingers curled around his glass trapped between their chests now. And in that moment they both let slip long held sighs as connection was finally made.

Hannibal's grip on Will's hip tightened, pulling him that bit closer as he let the younger man lead the kiss - exploring and needy all at once. Soft, whiskey stained lips chapped from icy winds slid over his own. The cannibal's dark eyes closed and his broad shoulders slackened with relief as Will finally yielded to his desires, to himself, to Hannibal.

Passionate and silent closed mouthed kisses extended long into the darkness, jaws stretching and lips dragging as Hannibal reached and took Will's glass, setting it aside.

"Tell me yes, Will." the words breathed out between increasingly sloppy kisses.

Fingers pried from his glass, Will let them clutch for Hannibal's shirt instead, seeming to climb up the taller cannibal, as his tongue and teeth searched the vastness of his mouth, eating the words from his lips, eager. Heat built in his lower back, every certain bone in his body was screaming of uncertainty, but Will pressed forward.

"Yes," he whispered, food and drinks long forgotten, but the notion behind them stayed, whispering around Will's mind, promising him that Hannibal had his best interests in mind this go around.

Hannibal licked the word off Will's tongue, a low rumble akin to a growl hovering in his chest as both hands rolled through dark curls. The older man didn't hold back as he kissed down into soft but *oh so hungry* lips and bit at an *oh so curious* tongue. His own full lips nearly devouring those beneath with need.

The ache in the pit of the cannibal's core had turned into an open agony of want - skin flushed and nerves on fire.

Hannibal leaned back against the counter, hard wooden corners digging into his spine as he spread his legs just enough for Will into slot between his thighs. Biting and sucking on Will's lower lip, maroon eyes lost in blue, Hannibal undid the first button on Will's shirt and traced a finger over his narrow collar bone. Delving in for another full kiss of teeth and tongues, "The food will get cold." The words came out as rough panting sounds as the cannibal refused to part his mouth from Will's.

So it would, and Hannibal was very picky when it came to meals, and eating or not eating them. Will let out a soft sigh, the notion pressed against Hannibal's mouth, getting lost in the feel of his lips and the weight of his own body against his hips. Will pressed his hands up Hannibal's broad chest slowly, the older man rolling with his touch.

"Do you want to eat first?" he asked, eyes half closed.

Hannibal licked at the taste of Will's sigh. He slid his finger down; the buttons of his shirt opening easily, the steady rise and fall of the younger man's lungs tapped against his fingertips. Meanwhile his other hand pressed firm against the agent's lower back - the dots of his spine digging into the heel of his palm. As Hannibal pressed in he kept their hips close and the growing lines of their arousal even closer.

Hannibal dipped down and kissed the words against Will's pulse with a humming tone. "Some things can wait."

"Can they?"

Craning his head back, Will sighed out at the feel of Hannibal's lips there, reaching to grasp the back of his head, holding him just there as his skin crawled with goosebumps, hips rolling with their own accord against Hannibal's.

"Always."

Hannibal chased the whispered word with a lick and a bite against Will’s neck. But feeling the goosebumps run under his tongue and the roll of hips he was quite some things *couldn’t* and *shouldn’t* wait .

Hannibal dragged an open mouth kiss up the curve of Will’s neck and jaw before capturing his lips again. Kissing his mouth open and chasing his tongue with his own, he undid the rest of Will’s shirt and helped him shrug out of it, letting the flannel drop and pool on the kitchen floor, not caring for mess or properness in this moment. Reaching behind he flicked off the oven before returning hungry but loving hands to Will’s naked torso that he stroked and explored in earnest. Smooth, warm, skin trembled and writhed under his hands beautifully. Sleek muscles stretched and pushed up into his touch, fitting against his hold as if they were made for each other.

Slowing the pace of their kiss, Hannibal opened his eyes and waited for Will to meet his gaze - seeking some kind of silent permission and understanding. As hooded-blood met sea-blue he saw a depth of longing only matched by his own.

Keeping their gazes locked and lips slowly kissing, Hannibal let his hands slide down to cup the younger man’s ass as he pressed his hips up, the full length of his cock rubbing up against Will’s erection. A sigh escaped the cannibal’s lips and a shudder rode his spine, his eyes drooping closed as his mouth opened.

Need and want had taken over; tongue and teeth set ablaze again add to each other's mouths, sloppy and wet. Will's hands smoothed up to Hannibal's collar, undoing the first button slowly, and then faster with nimble fingers, touching every inch hair dusted skin as he went until they were equally clad in just pants.

Hannibal’s broad shoulders rolled and stretched effortlessly, arms shifting to free himself of his pale cotton shirt that fell like a graceful flurry of snow over Will’s coiled flannel. The tender touch of rough fingers caused the cannibal’s flesh to shiver and ache in all the places that the agent left as yet untouched. *There. Here. There. There again.*

Unsure in how to go about this, Will watched Hannibal's eyes as they met, a ferocity of lust charged between them, drawing them in closer, like this was the fate of the world-- the fate of *their* world.

And hardly anything else mattered.

Will's old life and family long forgotten for now, Will skimmed his fingers across Hannibal's hips, feeling out bone and muscle, while viscous urges to bite and maimed followed by those to lick and lathed his tongue over grooved muscle.

“Hannibal-” The name rolled off Will's tongue in a gasp, daring to press his palm between their strained hips and palmed the thick outline of the cannibal’s erection.

A flush rose through Will's shoulder and cheeks, breath hitching as felt Hannibal's girth against his palm, kissing Hannibal harder.

All the silent conversations and brutal manipulations were simply motions to cut away the layers and the binds and the veils and walls to reach this point of honesty. Some wounds were necessary to bleed out the old lives and lies. Bleeding cleans infections.

Although, some things simply don't lie. Wouldn't you agree…

A truth you have to feel.

Hannibal's full lips and cruel mouth closed over Will's, inhaling the hot gasp of his name that rolled off his tongue like the first honest prayer the man had ever uttered. A prayer that hooked into the very soul of the cannibal, enough to bring the devil to his knees and worship.

Hannibal's shoulder rolled back as his arm reached behind for the bench. His hand gripped for purchase, fingertips and knuckles strained white. The broad planes of muscle across his chest flexed, riding and falling with every heated breath. A groan slipped over the older man's lips along with a mix of expletives in every language other than English as Will palmed over his cock. His hips rose ever so slightly to meet the perfect hold of his palm.
"Will~"

Both men were kissing with open hunger and need, breath racing between the lathing of tongues and clashing of teeth – a faint chuckle shared as the motions grew sloppy. Hannibal wrapped a sure arm around Will's shoulders and placed a guiding hand on his hip as he started to walk him backwards towards the bedroom. Will clung on and stumbled back with him but was too focused on clawing the skin beneath his hands to worry about tripping or falling at this point. Even as they walked, the ferocity of their kisses never slowed.

Although the cannibal could see equally well in the dark as the light if not better, the blindness of passion had them knocking into walls and up against doors, pausing at one point in the hallway to link hands as Hannibal pressed Will hard up against the wall. Will groaned wantonly as his fingers entwined with Hannibal's whilst the cannibal pinned his hands above his head. His back arched off the wall only to be pushed down by the cannibal's heaving chest - trapped completely. Hannibal bit down against the bow of his shoulder. As a bead of blood touched upon his tongue and as the agent gasped out, Hannibal released his grip, strong hands gliding down Will's arms to grip the keys of his ribs, cradling his breaths as they kissed. Unable to resist, Hannibal dipped and bit again.

A long time coming this had been, and Will knew it, he felt it in every fiber of his being. Groaning and sinking into the way Hannibal's teeth felt on him, Will tugged him closer to get more of him, and Hannibal let himself be tugged, savouring every closeness here. Will's free hand worked to get Hannibal's belt undone, and then his trousers. The cannibal's breath raced in anticipation, lips parted and tongue slack in his mouth. Will let diligent fingers slip down and work around Hannibal's thick cock fully now, skin to skin, taking in the feel of him, letting his palm glide over his girth, and down to his balls, wanting let his memory be etched into his mind.

As Will's fingers curled around his shaft Hannibal's knee gave out and his hand shot up and landed hard against the wall just to keep him standing, his lungs exhaling a feral groan as a shudder of pleasure rocked up his spine. Hannibal was panting hard as his cheek pressed against Will's shoulder. His hips rolled up, thrusting into Will's palm as another growling

groan breathed out against Will's neck. When careful fingers cradled his balls, Hannibal almost collapsed completely against the younger man. Will's innocent but also greedy explorations of his body were almost too much for the cannibal to bare. It took everything his had to hold back the ebbing tide of his orgasm as Will's tentative fingers moved over him.

After an indulgent moment of leaning against Will as the agent stroked and explored, Hannibal caught him in a tight embrace, almost lifting him off his feet as he ushered him into the bedroom where they both tumbled on to the bed.Will gripped his shoulders as they fell, his knee coming up to wrap himself around the cannibal, climbing over him like a feral animal not caring where they fell.

Hannibal toed off his shoes as he kissed Will, long fingers making quick work of belt, buttons and zipper. His hand brushed down over cotton boxers drawing out the moments before he pushed down and clawed coarse hair and stroked teasingly over his hard shaft that fit perfectly in his palm. Of course it did. Will huffed in frustration, rolling his hips, seeking Hannibal's touch and groaning with a shiver when the older man closed around him.

Will kicked off his pants, and did all he could not claw at Hannibal himself, and turn them over so he could worship him the way Will knew Hannibal deserved. He tugged his face to his again, savagely kissing the older man with the slide of his tongue and nip of his lips, drawing out a deep growl from the cannibal. The sensation was new and strange, but the acts felt perfect -- right.

They knew each other soul to soul, but Will wanted to know Hannibal in every sense he could, inside and out.

Hannibal paused the desperate rutting and stroking for a moment to cup Will's face with both hands. Nosing down one side of Will's jaw and then the other, his soft pout played over panting, chapped, pink lips to slow the pace of their love making.

Breathing against each other's mouth they lay naked, side by side in the dark. A bold, blue light drifted in from the frosted windows and caught on angles of bone and the blue of Will's eyes.

We have time.

It would be a shame not to savour you.

Still cupping Will's jaw with one hand, Hannibal licked over his palm, wetting it thoroughly before it drifted back down his *oh so* youthful body, glancing lithe muscles and sharp bones then gently taking hold of his shaft again. As long, wet fingers wound around his cock, Will's head tilted back, a grunting exhale slipping over clenched teeth.

Slowing it down, Will felt every inch of his heated skin crawl with anticipation, gazing into Hannibal's eyes, with just the light of the sun gleaming off the snow, lit just over the mountains, setting. His hips rolled into the touch, forcing himself to take it slow, that they were here, now, and nothing would force them apart.

Will let out a ragged breath, and copied Hannibal, slowly licking his own palm, and then wrapped his calloused fingers around Hannibal's shaft smoothly, slowly working him over now. But even the simple act of Will winding his tongue around his own fingers was enough to make the cannibal tense with need, the throb of his cock suddenly rocking his whole spine.

Watching Hannibal's reaction, the look on his face, Will memorized the touches Hannibal preferred, doing them more. And Hannibal was indeed careful to guide Will with sound and motion as to what and where his wants lay, and the younger man, his wolf, tracked them perfectly until the groans were genuine breaths of pleasure that could not be held in.

Hannibal pulled back from kissing and watched his wolf with heavy, hooded eyes. Hannibal too, was guided by the roll of hips and hitches in breath as Will's younger, slender body writhed beside him. His broad palm slid down squeezing and massaging until he caught the sweet scent of his pre-cum on the air. Hannibal swiped the pad of his thumb over and brought the salted bead to his lips, sucking it as Will watched in silent awe – his own pink tongue dragging along his lower lip.

The cannibal couldn't help but take a small pleasure in knowing that there was a terribly violent desire itching underneath Will's skin that wanted to claw its way out and take all and everything at once. Hannibal shared that very same hunger. However, this soft, pastel painted moment of their first coming together wouldn't come again and he wanted to remember every second, to be sure he could draw, paint and sculpt it from memory.

If I saw you everyday, forever, Will. I would remember this time.

Every breath and hitching of throat made Will want to crawl over Hannibal and eat him, to feel flesh give way under sawing teeth and blood fill the spaces in between. Instead, he steadied his paces, curling and uncurling his fist around Hannibal, both of them in time, stroking and thumbing all the perfect little spots. As Will started to heat, he brought his leg over Hannibal's hip, nearly hip-to-hip like this, and stroked him faster, sharing bated breaths.

Hannibal hummed as Will wrapped his leg over his hip. They were drawing ever closer. Hannibal's hand clasped over and gripped Will's thigh, dragging it up higher and tighter against him. As they stroked their fists were side-by-side, tip and shaft occasionally brushing leading to a long exhales and sharp moans.

Hannibal matched Will's quickening pace, closing his fist that bit tighter, his thumb pressing just below the head to apply a line of deep pressure to the strokes. His own powerful hips rocking up into Will's hand as a long held core of desire licked out in long currents of heat that quivered up his spine and down his thighs. His muscles and lungs tensed in an effort to draw out the moment, lips seeking out Will's for an open mouthed and hungry kiss, sounds of sucking and greedy grunts passing back and forth between them. The occasional smile sliding over their lips before being eaten by another hungry kiss.

Will closed his eyes as the build got stronger, unable to help the way he pressed his hips forward for more, and his hand clenched tight around Hannibal, or the way his toes tensed as he started to feel the onslaught of pure pleasure boil down in his lower back, and spread through his groin.

"Please-" he all but begged, unsure of what he wanted, but he sure as hell wanted to share it with Hannibal.

Hannibal smiled at the oh so blissful sound of Will's begging – needing of him, of this. He kept stroking with one hand as he cupped Will's face with the other, thumb sliding up to press against the empath's lips, silencing him.

We have time.

Pushing his thumb inside his mouth he petted over his silken tongue and tugged his jaw open, kissing him deep and sucking on his tongue as he stroked and thrust harder and faster. Will's cock slid through the palm of his hand smoothly and the curve of his hip circled his own just as easily. They rode the rhythms of pleasure in seamless synchrony, sliding and twisting together. An erotic knot, a tangle of limbs not knowing where one began and the other ended.

But as Hannibal's hips jerked forward and muscles tensed, the heat in his core turned up to a boil that flooded down his thighs and up through his lower back. Everything in the cannibal caught fire from nerves to bones to flesh. The flames that tore through him trembled and shook as an orgasm surged upwards. The world stilled on the hinge of his gasp before he fell slack again, a feral groan clawing up his throat as he gently bit on Will's tongue, waves of pleasure slowly rocking through as gently fingers tugged through dark curls.

Crashing down into the pits of lustful oblivion, Will burst at the seams shortly after Hannibal, the flood of emotional pleasure making him tense and tremble just the same, squeezing every last drop out of Hannibal with his twitching hand, his own pleasure was milked just as hard. He tried to breathe as the physical and emotional waves shook him to his core. Hannibal sighed and held Will as he shivered and released over his hand and chest, the empath finally allowing himself to sink into pure pleasure.

Complete. Here. Now.

Hold me.

Sweaty curls were stuck to his head as Will breathed out one last time, and then nosed into the crook of Hannibal's neck. The cannibal shifted and settled to cradle Will's head under his own as they lay there, sticky and spent, racing hearts and lungs slowing in the dark. As night fell everything was painted in strange glowing indigo hues.

Held.

Still.

The cannibal wrapped a protective arm around Will and the agent shifted closer, their sweaty and sticky torsos pressed together, just breathing. Hannibal nosed into curls and kissed again and again, long and slow, allowing himself to inhale their combined musky scents that mingled deathly still air that filled the room. Will's rough hand reached and brushed down the older man's heavy bicep. The cannibal could feel a smile flit across Will's soft lips as he turned in against the crook of his neck seeking out the warmth and closeness there. Hannibal hooked his leg around and over Will's. Will's ankle brushed up and down over Hannibal's

heavy calf. The younger man seeming to curl up against the cannibal, seeking every touch of reassurance the other man would provide, and offering the same in return. Where Hannibal buried his nose in curls, Will buried his against the pulse of the cannibal's neck, both just seeking out an intimacy so often denied to both of them over their lives.

But as Hannibal's nose was filled with the scent of their spent pleasure and as Will's lips worked ever so gently against the cannibal's pulse with soft lips and huffs of breath, the temptation for Hannibal to roll the empath on to his back, nestle himself between his lean thighs and wrap his cannibal lips around the full taste of him was too strong. Even before he rolled he could feel Will smile and curl his toes. Oh yes, the younger man knew exactly what he was doing even if only by instinct alone.

Although not settled more than a moment and not caring in the slightest, Will still groaned out in a vain and coy attempt at protest – one the cannibal saw through immediately especially as the groans slipped into moans with such delicious ease. The cannibal smiled as he leaned over the younger man, strong arms caging him in. He dipped and kissed down the side of his lightly stubbled face, not caring for the sticky, sweaty mess between them. Will's head lolled back on the bed, exposing his throat and neck, serving them up for even greater attention as Hannibal worked over him with a hungry mouth and wanton groans. This was perhaps the first time Will felt in a place to demand such attentions – a place where words weren't needed because everything was seen and understood.

Accommodating and wanting at every turn, Will arched beautifully beneath Hannibal. The older man sighed as Will's hand clasped over the back of his head and then shifted down to the nape of his neck, firm fingers holding him *just there* against the raw nerves running under his skin, still tender from spent orgasm and shivering at every new touch – such reactions delighting the cannibal to his core. Will's eyes closed as his jaw worked to release puffed breaths into the crisp night air. Will spread his legs enough to wrap them around Hannibal, while his free arm wrapped tight around impossibly broad shoulders. It was hard for the agent not to feel safe here – held and adored, despite knowing all the terrible things Hannibal had done. The older man worked above him with such reverence everything else just faded away. Here, it was just them. Hannibal slid down between Will's tightly hugging thighs to kiss the arch of Will's neck - his tongue lathing over the grooves of muscle and teeth nipping at his Adam's apple.

Leaning hard on one elbow to free up his other hand, the bow of Hannibal's shoulders dipped and his biceps flexed drawing the attentions of Will's teeth, if only briefly. Hannibal smiled and traced down Will's shoulder and arm with the tips of his fingers – exploring, memorizing. The promise of forever and the threat of loss ghosting through every touch. Will shivered, a chill blowing through him under such light touches, a part of him still wanting to lunge forward and claw the fire right out of Hannibal. But every now and again Hannibal would steal a glance upwards or, rise up to steal a kiss to ensure the empath was still riding the same quiet current of need as himself and Will would melt right into the cannibal, blur into one – even if by glance alone.

Together.

Will found it hard not to be in Hannibal's space, not to be on the very wavelength of him, as his mind had always been taken over by the other man, even when he wasn't in the same room. And Hannibal had known this truth well; in fact it was the truest thing he knew. This was the one tea cup that would *always* come together. It was a truth strong and certain enough that Hannibal could *happily* wait years, confined to a cell, knowing that truth would one day set him free - one way or another. And it was true, Will's life had only known his absence ever since he had forced Hannibal's hand to surrender. Even if his life had been peaceful without Hannibal, he couldn't say it had been at all good.

Was it good to see me?

Maybe peace was overrated if this was what he was missing out on. Or, maybe there were shades of peace he was yet to understand – to allow himself to see. A certain slant of peace the cannibal was beseeching him to see, here, now.

They shared breath with each kiss – lips slotting together naturally now, like they had been made for this. Will let his hands roam over Hannibal's back, caressing scars and ghosting over the brand from Mason Verger. At first Hannibal tensed as Will's fingers touched upon the brand, but when the empath's tenderness didn't wane, Hannibal hummed and sighed as Will traced his scars. There were very few things Hannibal felt shame for – the brand being one. But all that was soon forgotten as Will's grip hardened, fingernails digging red crescents against Hannibal's back as his body worked itself into lust again, narrow hips rolling and arching against the weight of the cannibal above.

But Hannibal took his time, tongue sliding over the line of his collarbone and fingers skimming down his ribs as his lips kissed down over peaked nipples. And there wasn't an action or motion or intention the empath didn't respond to with either a perfect arch or writhe or buck of his hips. Hannibal caught Will's hand in his and gripping it tight, fingers entwining, he pressed hard into the sheets above the agent's head. The cannibal leaned back briefly to admire the lean stretch of the younger man – so much so he lightly sank his teeth into his flank. Will groaned and rolled into the bite, lips dragging over teeth as breath was huffed out from his strained throat. Will's free arm reached around Hannibal best he could. Hannibal paced his physical affections as though he were savouring his finest wine, lips returning to suck over sensitive nipples.

Hannibal's tongue circled and licked before he sucked and kissed, worshiping both nipples with equal devotion. Each lick of his skilled tongue had Will groaning and when the cannibal sucked like that, Will keened sharply to the side, fingers gripping the bedsheets, never before realizing how sensitive he was there.

Hannibal kept chasing Will's needs as his broad hand palmed down to Will's hip and over his thigh, strong fingers stroking down the length of muscle there. Will trembled beneath unsure whether to press up into the touches or sink underneath their tide. Hannibal was slowly taking over the younger man's pleasure again as his muscular chest pressed down between Will's thighs. The agent's narrow hips canted up as Will pressed the length of his cock against the line of Hannibal's sternum seeking whatever friction he could.

Where Will expected to find a life of darkness and violence he would soon discover a strange new peace that settled when aesthetics became ethics. Hannibal's world was beautiful and

whimsical – the only lack, the only absence had ever been someone to show and share it with. Someone to *see* it all with. Someone to *see* him and be *seen* , *felt* , *understood* in return.

Understood and not alone – all Will had wanted and everything he had feared at once.

Hannibal's was a dark, yet beautiful world. Will had seen bits and pieces, and though he knew he should feel something akin to fear about falling deeper into Hannibal's world, he couldn't find the means. As the cannibal showered him with nothing but perfect adoration the only current Will found himself tapping into was the love he had harbored for Hannibal for nearly five years. Will had been neck deep in Hannibal's darkness the second he looked upon the copy cat killers tableaux. A secret valentine of sorts, a call to be seen, a lure. And it had worked perfectly and maybe that was just fine.

Will groaned at the attention lavished on him as Hannibal's motions quickening above him. He made a note to remember to tell Hannibal about the tableaux of the Dragon he left for Jack in the backyard; he would have loved it. And in this moment darkness met light, as the fire of passion burned bright under Will's flesh the fire was met with thoughts of horror and death. And maybe that was just fine, too. More than fine as Will squirmed.

As Will lay there, sprawled out, sweaty and gripping the bedsheets for purchase, Hannibal slowly made his way down his body with expert licks and kisses – the likes of which Will was sure he would never get enough of. Will's chest heaved with impassioned breaths as a smile tugged at the corner of his lips, face pressed to the pillow - quite sure that Hannibal was trying to work him up into coming again so soon from just these subtle titillations alone. Will rolled his hips up, pressing his erection into Hannibal's hairy chest.

"Dessert before dinner?" Will asked, breathlessly.

Hooking his hands under Will's knees, Hannibal slid down between his thighs, his own broad shoulders spreading the younger man further. Will groaned and spread himself further again, smooth thighs resting on the cannibal's strong shoulders as his hips slowly canted up. Hannibal smiled at how pliant and hungry his boy was before dipping his head to lick a hot stripe up the length of Will's cock, tasting a combination of their cum there with a groan. Smooth thighs squeezed and hips jerked up as Will let slip a small, feral sound somewhere between a groan and a growl. The cannibal glanced upwards – blood red eyes looking black in the moonlight. The empath stared back with sea-blue eyes that were wide a mixture of shock and hunger, lips parted to drag in heaving breaths.

"I would argue a complete meal," Hannibal retorted softly, a trace of a chuckle in his words.

The broad span of Hannibal's hand and long fingers wrapped around the curve of Will's hips, pinning him. The agent offers up mild protest that dies off as the cannibal returns to licking over his twitching shaft. With broad, rough strokes Hannibal diligently licks every trace of their previous pleasures, wetting his cock thoroughly.

"You'll spoil your dinner," Will chided as he blew out a long sigh, a moan at the tail end, hips trying to fight back against being pinned, to chase the warmth of Hannibal's teasing tongue against his length.

“I intend to spoil a great many things.”

Hannibal’s hand smoothed over Will’s thigh, soaking up the feel of silken flesh there, before long fingers dipped down to cup Will’s balls and feather over them with skilled and sensitive fingertips. Hannibal was rewarded with a hitch and a gasp in Will’s breath. The cannibal sank down with a deep moan, lips and tongue playing over the empath’s swollen tip. As the throbbing head bounced on his tongue, the cannibal teased at the slit, coaxing out precious beads of pre-cum to coat his tongue. All the while, Will’s hips struggled to buck free and thrust up into his mouth, but strong hands held him down. Will settled for winding rough fingers through Hannibal's short strands of ashen hair and tugging hard. He then palmed down Hannibal's curved neck as the cannibal drew out gasping grunts of pleasure from Will, sounds thrown into the air with a roll of his hips – a roll that arched right up through his spine, his long body contorting and begging without words for more.

Hannibal’s head keened slightly, cheek brushing Will’s wet cock as a smile painted across his lips. His eyes closed as Will tugged, grunted and rolled, begging for more. Will huffed out in frustration as the cannibal pulled his mouth away from his cock but his frustration was short lived. The cannibal used his elbows to spread Will’s thighs even further. He lowered himself slowly as he licked, just once, over Will’s tight and assumed virgin hole before he shifted up, settling between the agent’s thighs and grasping the base of his cock and beginning to stroke. Will tensed up and clenched tight as Hannibal sank lower, teeth sinking into his lips as he absorbed the new sensation but shock and tension quickly melted into warmth spreading through his spine again, pooling in the depth of of his hips. He verged on disappointed as the cannibal’s tongue ventured back up. But as deft fingers started to milk a second pleasure his lips parted in a silent moan. Will’s eyes watered as he gazed down over Hannibal as he worked between his thighs, his gaze catching on the thick straps of muscle flexing over his broad back. Still so strange and yet so right seeing Hannibal settled between his thighs adoring him like this.

We have time.

As Hannibal’s back rolled up, he pursed his plush lips tight and let his tongue fall lax as he took Will’s length down in one, hot, greedy suck. Keeping a light suction he let the length of it rest against his tongue before starting to suck. Will’s head arched back, eyes focused on the ceiling but unseeing as all his attention was focused on the sensation of the cannibal taking down his cock down completely. Once used to it, he canted his length against the rough pad of Hannibal's hot tongue, hungry for more. His eyes fluttered closed as he dragged in a hissing breath between clenched teeth before breathing out Hannibal’s name on a sweet tasting breath that the cannibal caught and smiled as he started to suck harder.

Hannibal cupped the back of Will’s knee spreading wider again and lifting his thigh so he could wedge himself in closer, a better angle to take the full length of him down his throat, stilling his gag reflex. Will let himself be moved, remaining supple under the cannibal’s touch, sometimes stealing a look down to remember this moment and also see how things like this are done. Sucking even deeper, the tip of Will’s cock brushed over Hannibal’s pallet time and time again and the cannibal found himself rutting hard against the sheets. Will gasped and bucked hard as he felt himself fill Hannibal’s throat and squirmed under the ever increasing suction.

“Oh god…” Will grunted out. As Hannibal rutted into the bed, Will’s cries were matched with the sound of the old mattress banging against the cabin wall, both echoing throughout the empty house like cracking heartbeat. Will reached to steady his arm against the wall but it was no use, Hannibal’s thrusts were too strong and the cracking thuds sounded out along with their moans and grunts.

Will’s shifted his leg to rest over Hannibal’s shoulder so he could ride the rolling sucks of Hannibal’s mouth, fucking down into his throat with wanton grunting groans. Hannibal took the thrusts with ease, Will’s debauched sounds his reward whilst his tongue lathed and his warm lips slid up and down his thick shaft. Occasionally his cannibal’s teeth would offer a teasing bite at the base before returning to his rhythm. As the younger man’s tension grew and his thrusts became uneven, Hannibal’s cheeks hollowed with increased suction and his fist started to pump the velveteen shaft in earnest, thumb brushing over pulsing veins.

The air was filled with lewd wet sucking sounds, grunts and the occasional moan. A growl snarled through the night air when the cannibal caught the combined taste of their cum on his tongue. In this moment Hannibal was drowning in everything Will. Meanwhile, Will had finally yielded not only to his desires but his love for Hannibal, not caring for the consequences, caring only for the here and now. And right now he arched and writhed beneath his lover, arms stretching out as he let his body take and ask for more – more love, more attention, more Hannibal. Hannibal gazed up and sighed as Will laid himself out like a feast – in more ways than one. Everything open and ready to be scooped up for the taking. The night and silence wrapped around them like tender arms protecting their long fated union. Everything was… right.

As Hannibal’s hips rocked against the sheets, seeking friction, his strong hands roamed freely, stroking and palming over Will’s smooth buttocks, thighs, hips and all the tender dips of flesh and muscle between. At every turn of his hand Will trembled and exhaled like a perfectly tuned instrument of sensuality. The tips of his fingers brushed through coarse hair to release more of Will’s woody musk that Hannibal could not get enough of. Will shivered as his fingers scratched deeper and lips sucked harder.

Break for me.

Gasps and groans alike escaped Will's throat as he threw his head back against the pillow, writhing with abandon as his fingers caught deep in Hannibal's shoulders, trying to pry him off and keep him there all at once. The pleasure was too much and he could feel himself slipping fully into the darkness of Hannibal’s world. But Hannibal just gripped and sucked harder, the desperate grasping of his boy beneath him only encouraging his hungry lips. He wanted his mouth and lips to be painted with the taste of Will. Night blanketed them both as they rocked and moaned into each other, gleaming with sweat in the pale blue light. Will’s hips lifted off the bed, pushing his cock deep into Hannibal's throat.

As Hannibal felt Will’s body start to tense, he pressed a reassuring palm against his abdomen, holding him firm. Hannibal groaned as Will shuddered for the second time, tense and reeling as his body rolled and drew up with the thunder of a second orgasm. Will’s eyes grew wet as near sobs choked out of him as a hot white pleasure released against Hannibal's tongue. The warmth and salt washed over the cannibal’s tongue and glazed his throat. As he caught the

scent of Will's tears above it all, his fingertips gripped and stroked down the lines of tendinous inscriptions. Wave after wave filled his mouth with the most delicate taste of what could only be love whilst his ears were sounded out with the most delicious cries – the sounds of a broken man's home coming. A memory in motion. As tears slipped from Will's eyes Hannibal found his own eyes growing wet with the same sense of relief.

I've got you.

As Will fell back against the bed, panting and gazing out the window, Hannibal was sure to lick Will clean of both this and their previous pleasures. Every brush of his tongue against smooth skin was a welcome gift to the cannibal, no matter how sticky or musky. Will closed his eyes and for the first time let himself sink into pure adoration. Hannibal's mouth worked its way up until meeting Will's lips again. Will caught his face with gentle hands and met the cannibal with soft kisses, nosing along his jaw and against his neck where he came to rest again. He shifted around to embrace Hannibal with loose limbs. The older man reached down and tugged up a blanket as he shifted and wrapped two strong, immovable arms around the pleasure-worn agent.

Suddenly the center of Hannibal's chapel was no longer a gleeful skeleton. No. Hannibal's mortality hinged on something entirely different now.

Tired, Will turned into Hannibal's chest, burying himself there as the blanket was brought up over them. He smoothed a palm down hairy chest and curled tight against him. He could hear Hannibal's heartbeat and it matched his own. Slowly both their heart beats came back down, and breaths evened out. Will drifted off into a dreamless sleep, head against Hannibal's shoulder.

Satisfied Will was now asleep; Hannibal slid his arm out and rolled to sitting. After running two hands down his face and smoothing down his hair, he moved to standing and quietly made his way to the bathroom. He quickly washed himself down, wrapped himself in a robe and returned to the kitchen.

It was a while later when he finally returned to the bedroom, tray in hand with freshly warmed dinner, desert and the as yet unfinished bottle of whiskey. Everything he needed to keep Will in bed and off the couch.

Stay with me.

Where else would I go?

When Hannibal returned, Will looked startled, shifting around to try and find his boxers, only to find them tossed somewhere else. When Will had woken he had been sure that Hannibal had left him after getting what he wanted. But the second their eyes met again, Will's gaze softened, relieved.

"You brought the food to me..."

Hannibal set the tray down on the bedside table and waited as Will pulled himself up to sitting before handing him his dish. Although eating in bed was considered slovenly and

uncouth in Hannibal's eyes, some things were worth minor sins. Like that vision of Will, dishevelled and lost, drowning in a sea of patchwork quilts on *their* bed. The boy had been utterly panicked at the idea of being abandoned only to be relieved moments later by Hannibal's appearance.

"Some things shouldn't be wasted."

Hannibal took his place beside Will in the bed. The whole room filled with electric blue light as reflected by the winter moon off the ice outside.

"Is it as good as home?"

Will gathered a bowl into his hands, cornbread dipped in side of it, and started to eat, and smiled around a bit, looking at Hannibal as the flavored melded together perfectly on his tongue.

"Even better."

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